THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

FARE-THEE-WELL. TO A. A. H.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. WARREN VANCE.

Fare thee-well, my lovely Alice,
Fare thee-well, but not in sadness;
Though faded now a every token,
And my lone heart almost broken,—
Though thou hast been false to me,
Yet I would be kind to thee!

A there's beneath the fairest flower,
Sunshine's first and then a shower:
After joy comth sorrow,
Love's bright dream then gloomy morrow:
All is not the golden wheat,
Some o worthless tares and cheat.

Fare thee well, and ne'er may anguish
Make thy matchless form to languish,
May each year still bring thee pleasure,
Peace and comfort without measure;—
Though thou hast been false to me,
Yet I would be kind to thee!

Connersville, Ind.

WE WILL NEVER MEET MORE. A SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SAMUEL McCLUNG.

We will never meet more, Fanny, never again,
Not the bright vanish cheer me of days fleted by;
Of youth's golden dream but the memories remain,
And the frowns that I cherished the more blasted to die!

We will never meet more, Fanny, never again,
Tho' I love that e'en now as I loved thee before;
Still my spirit shall over thy image remain,
And I'll dream of thee still till my dreamings are o'er!

We will never meet more, Fanny, never again,
In sunshine and shade I must wander alone,
Of all! like the lone ray that gleams on the main.
There are still, thou art ever fond memory to me!
he maidens are ornation; their garlands of flowers,
And the virgins are lovely and fair as of yore.
But thou, oh! thou only couldst charm and beam,—
Thou I'll dream of the still till my dreamings are o'er!

Delaware College, Newark.

Original Tales.

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH; Or, Woman's Influence.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR, AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," &c., &c.

"The above all—is thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Hamlet.

Yes, William, she is beautiful, but don't tell us here with her. It will never do," said Mrs. Mansfield, in answer to a rapturous panegyric on Alice Manners, the then reigning belle of the day, from her brother. "I fear," she added, with a serious and disturbed expression of the young man's countenance, "that my advice comes rather late, but still it is, dearest Willy, wisdom to commit at once from her influence, for I tell you again it will never do."

"Why do you say so emphatically that it will never do?" inquired her brother, with much emotion.

"Because I mean that she'll never have you. Net, William, that I do not consider you personally and intrinsically and by yourself, equal to any woman, more superior to most as all the young men that surround her—but still I repeat she'll never have you. You have no fortune—you can offer her no distinguished position—in short, dear Will, though a charming fellow, you are so much!"

"I don't know that," rejoined his sister, "but if he is not, her friends are so for her. They expect her to make a brilliant marriage, and somehow—a girl does not like to disappoint her friends—I don't know that ashamed, left to herself, she would be wordly, for I think that nature has endowed her with some fine qualities. But she is the belle of the family, and they all look to her for something brilliant. They expect it as a matter of course. She is surrounded by men of fashion and fortune, and they would no more think of her marrying you, than they would at her marrying—I don't know who—any body who is perfectly out of the question."

"Young ladies sometimes choose for themselves, unfortunately," replied young Mansfield, gravely. "I really influence does not settle every thing in this country, thank Heaven!"

"No, William, it does not settle every thing, but it has its due weight. When a girl knows that all her friends expect certain things for her, she learns insensibly to expect them for herself. She has as if she is falling short of the mark; in fact losing caste, if she does not make a brilliant match when every body expects she will.

"And a brilliant match comprises 'a rich one, as a matter of course,' said the young man, bitterly.

"Certainly," replied his sister. "Talents give a man standing after they have been tested. Ten or fifteen years hence, and I have no doubt Alice may be proud of your attentions. Now," continued Miss Hungerford, smiling, "she can only be pleased by them. Your distinctions must be those of wealth —and I will say, William, that the girl who deserves you, would take them on trust. But how many are there, alas! who will look at a rather large out fashion than future fame. I am sorry to say it, but I do think we women are very short-sighted. Love sometimes clears the mental vision, and sees future glories through the mists of Time; but then a girl must be in love for that; and Alice Manners is not going to let herself fall in love with you, whatever you may be impudent enough to do. That, she thinks, (of she thinks at all) is your affair. Nay, but she's not going to disappoint her family, and what's more, herself, for any young man, let him be ever so clever, ever so agreeable. So, dear set William, I and where it please, don't get in love with her, for it will never do."

Hungerford made no answer, but drinking his coffee (for this conversation took place at a tete-a-tete breakfast between the brother and sister,) took his hat and left the house in search of Alice.

The evening found him again within the charmed circle of Miss Manners, notwithstanding the previous warning of his sister, for the spell was the strong, the magic too potent, to be dissolved by the words of caution. He yielded to the impulse, and was again pouring forth the powers of a brilliant mind to the listening ear of the beautiful being who entranced his soul; for she did listen—no girl could have helped that—but not "coquetting" to him a pulcine." She answered his enthusiasm with wit, and turned from the devotion that hovered on his lips with playful raillery.

She felt that he was in love with her, and the consciousness was pleasant to her—what the consciousness might be to him, she never asked her self. She never for a moment thought of having him; and that he should ever dream of such a thing never crossed her mind. His passionate admiration gratified her, and she presumed it was quite as agreeable to him to admire, as for her to be admired. At any rate he had "never told his love," and consequently she did not feel herself bound to take the matter in consideration. "He knew it was not in the question, or ought to know it," and therefore she listened and listened, and talked and trifled to the amusement of the hour, without any serious thought of the consequences.

Didn't that a excellent special pleading," she hazarded to my guilty this evening, as he was half rightly contending some point she disputed, what a pity so much eloquence should be lost on a single individual. It's quite worthy of a jury. by the way, I should like to hear your first great speech. You must favorsome on ladies the very first time you have."

Would you," he said, his eyes flashing at the idea of a great cause, with Alice as a the hearers of his eloquence—will you come to hear me?"

To be sure I will," she replied, laughing, "if you will remember to ask me; for me—what a delightful society makes between you men and us women. We shall be at a ball, when you are rising in your lawyer, at forty. I hear then you'll think me of Judge and Jury than of your old flames, you cruel, laughing.

"A fine young lawyer at forty," repeated Hungerford, sighing.

Yes, I do," she replied, "what more can you expect in your profession. Is not Mr. ——— called the first young man at the bar, and is he not as grey as my shawl?

And then, the unconsciousness of the pang she had inflicted, she called off carelessly to some piece of fashionable b — ish, dropping a courtesy, to ask what she said—turned again and again to himself, a rising young lawyer at forty."

What rudeness," thought Hungerford.

The crowded assemblage, the approving Judge, the listening bar—all had vanished. He was alone with a girl who—was trifling with—with famewhen he should have told to enjoy it, too old to ask any one to share it.

Would you," he said, in that with a word could call up such visions, such with a word, dispel them, where are her thoughts now; busy receiving with unusual empressment a gentleman who had just entered.

There was an unusual bustle in consequence, that caused the new arrival a favored notice. And who was he? Mr. Astor, as empty-headed a young gentleman as ever adored, but then, passing rich. And Alice Manners knew from the first that clever Hungerford, to be herself agreeable to one as much as indifferent as to myself to be insipid.

Not only was the gay part of her attention and conversation given to Ashton, but Hungerford keenly felt the difference—felt all those attentions!

With himself she could be with spirit and animation, for being intelligent and highly cultivated, she could meet him on his own ground. In short any stranger could have told the Ashton was the person of consequence. Hungerford, the nobody.

And could it be that a child of Chawleof, she spirited girl like Alice Manners could—to forget her better nature as to let mere wealth make all the difference between man and man?

Nonsense to do her justice. Mr. Ashton's wealth—or at least not that alone (for if she's a really fine young gentleman with a very extensive acquaintance, and a very handsome person, with, she felt that mothers were watching her, and daughters smiling and noticing—) she gave him much in her power.

His attentions excited remark, made her a belle, and so she was pleased with them, to contain like, and very open to the influence of admiration for her, and thought more of what others might, that what she herself felt.

She knew that Hungerford was there—that she felt that he was the most agreeable, if there she might have danced and talked with no one—but she would have noticed it, except—my perhaps, "that it was very imprudent!"

He had talents—there was no doubt of that, he had to make his living by them, but he is not the fashion, and Ashton was —and so all pondered Ashton.

Perhaps Hungerford's conversation was his utter in the morning had rendered him too sensitive and keen-sighted than usual; and there's playful satire slightly more in which it was that she had of his being a "rising young lawyer at 40," was still tingling through his nervous system when his attention was again arrested by her voice. Turning from the opposite side of the room, as she so gaily the history of a new engagement, just concluded, at one of her young friends.

"Ah, that is an engagement, it is," said Sterther. "Well, I am sorry for poor Stanley."

"Stanley! Why what has he to do with it?"

"Nothing it seems, only that he is desperately in love with the lady, and I am sorry for him—poor—that's all."

"Was he?" she said, carelessly. "But what he me could have expected she would have his preference, I should not call it 'disappointed,' laughing.

"He is certainly pleased," she continued—but of course anything of that kind would have been a disappointment. I don't know, indeed, that I ever heard the words, that carried them sovereignly home to Hungerford's brain.

He listened eagerly,—the words, "throw herself away," "pleasant nobodies," still rang in his ears as they stamped themselves in his soul, burnt at his heart, and colored his fate for life.

With darkened brow and bitter thoughts, he abruptly rose and left the house.

That night he paced his room till morning dawned. "A rising young lawyer at forty." "A pleasant nobody," "throw herself away," and such was the bitterness and passion that almost putteek of madness.

And what am I to toil for. Reputation! when I am too old to enjoy it! Wealth, when it cannot even purchase me affection! Distinction, when there is no one to share it! In fact this thing I am madly yielding the Present which I might enjoy, for the Future which can bring me no happiness!" And then came crowding to his mind schemes of present fortune, rapid consideration—anything, anything to place him at once amid the "wealthy, and fashionable of his native city," to win him a position, a chance with the beautiful, the fair, the gifted.

A way with dreams of ambition! In his present mood he was prepared for any of visions. He thought of the empty headed Ashton, the dull Lowndes, and others whose fortune gave them fashion, and whom he was in the habit of ridiculing and despising with envy, if not respect. They had position, consequence, something to offer—and what had he? Abilities, talents on which he was most to pride himself—and of what use were they? To render him "a pleasant nobody." And he guashed his teeth and almost cursed the gifts God had bestowed upon him.

The storm of passion passed, but it left its deep ineffaceable traces. He determined to win that consequence which alone seemed important. Belles should settle and beauties bloom for him, as well as for Lowndes or any fool among them. And he never paused to ask himself whether such smiles and blushes were worth the having. He never deigned to ask himself whether the heart that is won by externals is worth the buying—whether the woman who lightest such homage, and turned from such abilities, deserved them. No, blindly, resolutely, he made up his mind on the one point. Fortune he would win, and that rapidly.

But how! There was the question.

He had a small inheritance, a few thousands, which had hitherto maintained him while struggling in the upward path of his profession. That he would embark in something, he knew not what.

Should he go to China? The time was passed for that, the thing was over done. Merchandize? Trade was overstocked. Land speculation? A bubble that had already burst. But something he must do.

It was hardly possible that a man could long remain in this mood of mind, and not find some one ready to "lend him to the top of his best," and such the opportunity that he was seeking presented itself.

A man of the name of Crawford, one of those wild speculators, who, in the days of wildcat and shinplaster, are ever ready to "make a fortune or die," believing himself known, now crossed his path.

In a calmer frame of mind he would have turned coldly away, not lent an ear to any proposition emanated from him. It was only in such a state of persons, who, without having positively inclined his position in society, was yet distrusted. No man could have laid his fingers on any clearly fashioned act he had committed, and yet few would have confided in him. Hungerford knew him for a schemer, and believed him knave, but that yet-distrust in him.

"It's a bold stroke," he thought. "And yet Crawford is a shrewd fellow, understands business, and is making a rapid fortune. Why should I hesitate?"

And why did he? Because the native sprightliness of his soul still made him shrink from linking himself, even passingly, with one so distrusted, though, scarce knowing why. But these instants are unerring. He felt Crawford was morally unsound, and to trust him in spirit and expect to be undefiled, is wiser than to form such associations and hope to escape contamination.

But Hungerford—paused—hesitated again—then madly dashed on—and succeeded.

So Hungerford, you've taken to fancy stocks, and have made a fortune, I hear," said Alice. "I am sure would not have done as much for you in twenty years," was the greeting of friends as they chanced to meet in the busy streets of Wall.

"I am very sorry for him," said Alice. "He was so clever, so agreeable."

"Yes," replied her mother, "but what avails talent without principle, my child. Ashton has no talent, nothing more than good sense (Ah! Mrs. Manners, how could you?) and yet I should prefer seeing you his wife, to that of such a man as Hungerford. Though not brilliant, he is safe."

"And Alice was right, for the safety of many lives in those uncertainties, more perhaps than their principles.

And some months afterwards, in the midst of his degradation and bitterness, Hungerford could not but admire the tact, the keenness of which surprised even himself, and was suspected by none other, so hearing of the marriage of Alice Manners to Lorton Ashton.

He caught one glimpse of her, as radiant and beautiful, in her rich bridal array, with a white lace veil, as she was leaning from a low carriage window to give an order to a clerk. He happened to be just passing from a store, before which she had stopped, and certainly would have known her, but she neither looked him, nor her boy's remarks. He was evidently poor, very shabby, and much passed middle age, and as he turned away from his shopping figure and grey hair. Her husband approaching at a distance, Alice saw him slightly nod to the stranger as he passed him.

Who was that man you bowed to, my dear?" asked Mrs. Ashton.

"Don't you know him? inquired Mr. Ashton.

How should I?" replied his wife, in a tone that seemed to imply she did not know "such people."

Why it's your old friend, Hungerford," returned her husband.

"Hungerford!" repeated Alice, gratify shocked, "can it be?"

"I don't know," replied Stanley. "He finds it pretty hard, I imagine. He does one thing and another—speculates, I believe. I don't suppose he has much to do in the way of his profession."

"It should think not," sonorously remarked Ashton. Few would want to trust their business with him.

Alice said nothing for she was hurt by the seeming tone and manner in which her husband spoke of him, which, to say the least of it, was not gentlemanly.

She, herself had been much shocked and pained by the sight of Hungerford. She had heard her self-exiled to the West—had gone to Europe—and she had long known that he was a ruined man, but she was now brought for the first time in contact with the wreck he had been before her mother. And though not the woman she once was, for she had been the long the wife of Ashton not to rub off the coarse edges that every hard contact gives to the soul, yet still there was sensibility enough left amid all her prosperity, to be shocked at the external evidence of degradation and misfortune.

But of that degradation, and those misfortunes, how little did she let the true cause—herself! She did not know it, but her worldliness had been his ruin. True, the heavier part of the sin, as the postulate had, lay with him, for "where the tree falls there it lieth." But there was a weight of responsibility upon her soul she was not aware of. And then, we believe, in a frequent case. The Gerards of life are no cautious instruments, that the influence human beings exert over one another, it much beyond their thought or knowledge.

But set the less o their responsibility. The act done by one worldly darkened spirit at more than we say of us may ever fully know in this world—the blessed influence of one pure, bright soul is, perhaps, to be revealed among the glories of the next.

"Crawford, sir, the Secretary of the T——— Company, is missing this morning, and they say, a great part of the Company's funds with him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Manners, with more than the ordinary interest all money transactions excite in old gentlemen.

"I'm not surprised at it," said his friend, quietly. "Its nothing more than I expected."

"But Hungerford! What has he to do with it?" inquired Mrs. Manners, anxiously.

"He was Crawford's friend—they were engaged in some business together."

"Well!"

"Well—people say hard things of him. They seem to think he was in the secret of the whole affair."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Manners' old friend.

"Bad—very bad," said Mr. Manners, emphatically.

"And Hungerford!" said Alice, scarce knowing what she would ask.

"Is ruined man, poor fellow," replied young Maynard. "I'm sorry for him."

"Yes," said the old gentleman. "And it's the worst sort of ruin—the only one, in fact, that is irretrievable—that of character and reputation."

"Bad, very bad," was all that Mr. Manners again said. And Alice felt those few emphatic words of her father, for Hungerford had always been a favorite with Mr. Manners.

"Well, Alice, this is a pretty story about your friend Hungerford," said Harry Maynard, one evening to her.

"What!" said Alice, starting.

"You have not heard then? Why, Crawford's off to Texas, or England, or somewhere. And the T——— Company is minus some thousands.

"Well!" said Alice, eagerly.

"What's that," said Mr Manners, from the other side of the room, where he was sitting with an old friend

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

TERMS.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and forwarding subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post, ourselves, if possible, the coming season, and would advise our correspondents to wishon up, if they do not wish to be left behind altogether. Our terms are very low, in fact as low as it is possible to afford an original paper of the size and quality of the Post—and we assure it we chose to publish a second edition to some daily paper, lugged together without tear or method or variety, and call it "a weekly," we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers want the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that friends will go to work getting up clubs at once, sending on their individual subscriptions, as quickly as possible, in order that we may know at more how many sheets thereafter we are to print during the coming year than the present.

☞ H. S. MESSENGER, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, is no longer Agent for this paper. *Ed.P.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W.—We find upon examination that "A mistake in two compliment"—if he will oneply it we will publish it.

"My Mother" and "The Old Well" are scarcely good enough for publication, though containing some pretty ideas.

"MAKING HABTE TO BE RICH."

We give our readers this week a good story by F. E. F.—one of those pithy and sententious moral *tableaux de mœurs*, sketched with a light and skilful hand. The moral is an excellent one, much needed in our country just now, and it is also highly illustrated by the course of the story. "If the haste to be rich is one of the marked and hurtful characteristics of the time we would ask our young countrywomen to pause and ask, 'How much of it may be traced to Female Influence.'"

DOMBEY AND SON.

The interest of this story, which we thought flagged a little in the last number, is fully brought up by the present one. the first chapter of which, we publish in this week's paper. Little Paul remains now to be the most interesting character in the book.

THE THEATRICAL REFORM.

There are few things better calculated to corrupt the morals of a virtuous minded people, than clandestine and unchaste theatrical exhibitions. We know that it may be said that all exhibitions of the kind have a tendency towards evil, but waving this question for the present, we take our stand upon the ground that vulgarity and indecency upon the stage are productive of the most baneful consequences to the community that tolerates them, and therefore should be positively prohibited.

But though it is very easy to say this, it is not so easy to suggest a practical remedy. A censorship of the stage would be nearly if not altogether as bad a censorship of the press. The remedy must, therefore, be left to an enlightened public opinion, exercising its control of notoriously improper performances where the authorities may rightfully be called upon to interfere. We say an enlightened public opinion—but how shall public opinion become enlightened? Through the press, we answer, of an intelligent, conscientious press. The attention of the people must be called to the matter, and they must be shown that in laughing at a shield though witty sentiment in the mouth of a favorite actor, they are also laughing, it may be, at a daughter's shame and a sister's infamy. They must be taught to him where they were thoughtlessly applaud, and to demand the expulsion of those whose brazen face would now gladly adorn with roses.

One reform, however, is imperatively called for, where the remedy is as palpable as the evil is monstrous. We mean the entire banishment of dancing girls from the stage. The shameless and indecent exhibitions of the persons to which this class of performers descend, are a disgrace to a moral and virtuous people. Any interest at the Theatre in a modern play, that does not entirely and altogether such disgusting performances. We have often wondered how ladies of undoubted refinement and virtue, could countenance such exhibitions by their presence.

The prohibition of the setting apart any particular portion of the building, for the use of a certain or fastionate class and their admirers, should also be insisted upon by those who seek to reform and regenerate the Theatre. Let the building be open to all females who come properly attended, and let the police see to it that all behave themselves during the progress of the performances. Why should a theatrical exhibition differ in this respect from a concert?

These, with the prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors in the refreshment rooms are the reforms most undeniably demanded at present in the Theatre. Boston has made a partial movement to make reform, why should New York and Philadelphia lag behind? Why, in truth, should not all the cities both in the South and West, take up this subject, and resolve upon a thorough Theatrical reform?

For daily does the question come up before us—now, in the shape of a corrupt French literature, now, in the form of foreign concerts—whether this country shall become with years as corrupt and licentious as the old world, or whether the nations, ago, the provinces, shall, yea truth, shall not all the while still clung to their descendants. It is well that the American people should have their attention solemnly impressed, and be taxed on all occasions, as on the lower classes, age, and the higher, too, of France, that the corrupting influence circulation of Eugene Sue and Paul de Kock by all the means in our power, and shame upon it every day's flag in every foreign hotel. But if by our watchfulness we serve the original simplicity and innocence of the American character, then let all who love their country and the great principles of liberty, the degradation of foreign vices, whether written or personified, and rear up a wall of public sentiment, and, when advisable, legal restraints, against their probable circulation amongst us.

PROBABLY UNFOUNDED.

There is a report going the rounds of the papers, that when the Creole was stranded by a boat from the American squadron, as related in last week's paper, signals were made on board of an English steamer in sight of the offing, to inform the Mexican commander of the danger which threatened the vessel under his protection. It is added that the attack on the Creole would have been delayed had the signals been understood. And rumor goes on to state, that the administration is about to ask from England an explanation of this circumstance.

We give this report as we find it, with very little belief in the truth of any part of it.

THE GREAT RAILROAD.

A meeting was held in this city last week, for the purpose of giving countenance and encouragement to the great enterprise of a Railroad to the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Whitney, the projector, was present, and advocated it in a speech of great clearness and eloquence. The Railroad Committees of Philadelphia and Chicago, by virtue of the Secret Post Office Service in the West, were also present. The discussion in which they engaged in its behalf, was one to produce the passage of a bill by Congress, giving early action in the matter at the next session. The bill which will be introduced for the purpose of incorporating the road. He thinks the whole could be completed in about three years—when it would be a great saving to the Pacific Coast, Japan, China, crossing the American continent—twenty-one days only from New York—thirty nine days from San Francisco to Calcutta, or twenty-nine days from New York.

Oregon and California would thus be made the nearest neighbors of India, and that the commerce of our country would be immediately increased—most of the English and European commerce with India would pass by our doors. The exports and imports of India, in and out, were about $200,000,000 per annum; and extensive Indian and China statistics were given to prove the extent of the commerce that the Railroad would throw into our hands.

It is believed that the shifting sands of the Isthmus of Suez would forever render a canal or railroad there impossible for any commercial purpose—connect

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri. He is duly authorized to receive Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Money for the U. S. Saturday Post.

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JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling agent for New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

ALMANAC FOR 1847.

| MONTHS. | Meridian of Philadelphia. | | |

Selected Poetry.

THE OPERA DANCER.

BY MRS. HORTON.

Pray child of Pleasure, thou art young and fair,
And youth and beauty are enchanting things:
But tho they linger, lovesticking Bayadere,
Strip off thy glittering jewels, paints and rings.
The greatest beckon, and the lightest wings!
Thou art a slave to Fashion's fickle power,
And hour, when soul deserves thy heaviest curse,
For whom was all that costly outlay spent?
For the gay crowd—for show—for golden purse was paid!
For the quick bowing of the jaded heart,
Whose usual pleasure palls beneath thy gaze,
And kneel in hopeful sigh, whose spirit,
Half for thy beauty, half for "other days"
For the trained skill thy joined limbs display,
Pleasing the eye, and casting o'er the mind
A spell, which, Circe-like, the sorcerer could raise,
A drunkenness of thrall and blunted mind,
Where fancy's fillary veil gems passion's form refined.
For them, while there, thou wreathest smile and tear,
Then cupids linked and nimble-stepping slave
Of two cold masters, Luxury and Wealth,
The tempter of the soul that gave,
Thy fatal wan chaste, and the appetent haven
Appeal not now to vanished days of joy
For arguments to answer and to save;
Proud and indulgence hath a sinner toy,
And younger slaves have child, and there thy heels employ

And thou, fine flatterer of her early prime,
Who gave her praise familiar as the light,
And the young foot flew round in measured time
Amid a storm of clapping every night;
Then, at whose glimmer the smile grew BRAZEN bright
That decked her lips for natural mirth before,
Why leave decay her, and there her guile?
Thy idol, for whose sake the brook store
In prodigal caprice thy heart went to pass?
Yes, wherefore so? for HER, and not for her,
Those sums were paid, her facile love to win;
Thy heart's cold token would not stay for her.
The light is quenched she look'd so lovely in!
Else not the measure of the foot, and air
That whirl'd her round, and the smile, and self,
Though on thy words her fate she learned to put
The world at her, and not at thee, shall ne'er—
Yes, brother then before, its servile rap shall doff.

And since there poor boredom owes are apt
With quaver'd discretion, to perceive
Only the fact that gentle links are snapp,
Since prejudiced sentence tends them to believe
Would but forever: since in sneers and grieve
Over these broken vows is to grow wild—
It may be she will come some wiser eve,
And weeping, like a broken hearted child,
Turn sunk face for she days when she was thus beguiled
Then—in thy spacious library—where dwell
Philosophers, historians and sages,
Full of deep lore which thou hast studied well,
And classic poets, whose melodious pages
Are the birds in lamented bells suggest—
Let the more advanced mind explain
By all experience of recorded ages,
How common place is folly for human pain,
And how such things have been, and must be yet again!

But Prudery—with averted angry glance,
Two pouting and proclaiming fine scissor jest;
Life's gambler having lost her desperate chance,
Now 'tis the convent and not the dust!
Now let the wanton share the beggar's crust!
Yet every wrench destroyed by passion's love,
Had a first love—but hope—and broken trust;
And Heaven shall judge, whose thoughts and lives are pure,
Not always they worst sin, who weekly sworn endure.

Pictures of Life.

DOMBEY AND SON.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

appeared to have boiled over, and trickling pouter underneath with its long green ends, reminding them of spiders—on which Mrs. Pipchin's dwelling was uncommonly prolific, though perhaps it challenged competition still more proudly, in the season, not of marriage.

Mrs. Pipchin's mode of charges being high, however, in all who could afford to pay, and Mrs. Pipchin's odium overcoming the equitable acidity of her nature in favor of anybody, she was held to be an old lady of remarkable firmness, who was quite scientific in her knowledge of the children in the market. On this reputation, and on the broken heart of Mr. Pipchin, she had construed, taking one year with another, to eke out a tolerably sufficient living and balance addition to her current receipts, from the pocket of Mr. Dombey, and of receiving Florence and her little brother Paul as inmates of the castle.

Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox, who had brought them down on the previous night, (also to their all passed of at hotel,) had just driven away from the door on their journey home again; and Mrs. Pipchin, with her hands in her pockets, and reviewing the new comers, like an old soldier. Mrs. Pipchin's middle aged nurse, her good natured and devoted slave, but possessing a gaunt and iron-bound aspect, and much afflicted with boils on her nose, was directing Master Bitherstone of the clean collar he had worn on parade. Miss Pankey, the only other little female at present, had that moment been walled off to the castle dungeon, (an empty apartment at the back, devoted to correctional purposes,) for having scolded them in the presence of visitors.

"Well," said Mrs. Pipchin to Paul, "how do you think you shall like me?"

"I don't think I shall like you at all," replied Paul. "I want to go home. This isn't my home."

"No. It's mine," retorted Mrs. Pipchin.

"It's a very nasty one," said Paul.

"There's a worse place than this though," said Mrs. Pipchin, "where we shut up our bad boys."

"Has he ever been in it?" asked Paul, pointing out Master Bitherstone.

Mrs. Pipchin nodded assent; and Paul had enough to do, for the rest of that day, in escaping Master Bitherstone from head to foot, and watching all the workings of his countenance, with the interest attached to a boy of mysterious and terrible experience.

At one o'clock there was a dinner, chiefly of the farinaceous and vegetable kind, when Miss Pankey (a mild blue-eyed morsel of a child, who was thoroughpoused every morning, and seemed in danger of being rubbed away altogether) was let in from captivity by the great ogress herself, and instructed that nobody who stuffed at visitors ever went to Heaven. When this great truth had been thoroughly impressed upon her, she was regaled with rice and subsequently repeated the form of grace established in the castle, in which there was a special clause, thanking Mrs. Pipchin for a good dinner. Mrs. Pipchin's niece, Berinthia, took cold pork. Mrs. Pipchin whose constitution required warm nourishment, made a special repast of mutton chops, which brought in hot and hot, between two plates, and smelt very nice.

As it rained sitter dinner, and they couldn't go out, nothing to be done, and Mrs. Pipchin's constitutional required rest after dinner, they went away with Berry (otherwise Berinthia) to the dungeon on empty room looking out upon a chalk wall and a water butt, and made ghastly by a ragged fir place without any stove in it. Enlivened by company, however, this was far better after all: for Berry played with them there, and showed us many a game at romps as much as they did, until Mrs. Pipchin looking suddenly in the wall like the Cock Lane Ghost, arrived, they left off, and Berry told them stories in a whisper till twilight.

For tea, there was plenty of milk and water, and bread and butter, with a little black tea-pot for Mrs. Pipchin and Berry, and buttered toast underneath for Mrs. Pipchin, which was brought in hot and hot like the chops. Though Mrs. Pipchin got very greasy, outside, over this dish, it didn't seem to diminish her, nor, indeed, at all: for she was a fierce as ever, and the hard grey eye knew no softening.

After tea, Berry brought out a little work box, with the royal pastimes on the lid, and fell to working busily; while Mrs. Pipchin, having put on her spectacles and opened a great volume bound in green baize, began to read. And whenever Mrs. Pipchin caught herself falling forward into the fire, and awoke up, she flipped Master Bitherstone on the nose for sending her.

At last it was her children's bed time, and after prayers they went to bed. As little Miss Pankey was afraid of sleeping alone in the dark, Mrs. Pipchin always made a point of stirring her up every night with a sharp, and it was plentiful to hear Miss Pankey screaming long afterward, in the best eligible chamber, and Mrs. Pipchin now and then going in to shake her. At about half past nine o'clock the odor of a warm cream bowl (Mrs. Pipchin's constitution wouldn't go to sleep without cream-bowl) dreamiest the prevailing fragrance of the house, which Mrs. Wickam said was a "cosy

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

Our Portrait Gallery.

HAHNEMAN.

HAHNEMAN, THE ORIGINATOR OF HOMOEPATHY.

Samuel Christian Frederic Hahneman was born at Meissen, in Saxony, April 10, 1755. He was educated at the University of Leipsic, and took his degree of Doctor of Physic in 1779. He then practised at Marsheld, Dessau and Magdeburg. He afterwards relinquished practice and devoted himself to chemistry, and to writing on medical subjects. At this time he first conceived the idea of the system which afterwards developed. While engaged in translating Cullen's Materia Medica, he was dissatisfied with the explanation of the astringent principles in the Peruvian bark there given, and he determined to discover by experiment on himself what the power of the bark in intermittent fevers depended. He took it in considerable quantities, while in perfect health and found that it produced an ague similar to that in the intermittent much fever. From the effects of this habit of action and reaction, and by experiments of simple medicines on himself and family, he acquired so much knowledge of their nature that he effected many remarkable cures by homo-opathic applications. His system was opposed, and his practice was considered in consequence of a law common in Germany, forbidding physicians to furnish themselves the compounding of their own drugs. He at length found an asylum in the Duke Ferdinand of Anhalt Cothen, who made him his counsellor. When his system came into more general notice, he removed to Paris, where he recently died at a very advanced age.

The following account of his mode of preparing his medicines is from his work on Chronic Diseases.

"A grain or the substance, if it is solid, a drop if it is liquid, is to be added to about a third part of one hundred grains of sugar of milk in an unglazed porcelain vessel; they are to be mingled for an hour with wet sand; they are to be mingled for an hour with a pestle and then rubbed for one hour more, when one hundred more grains of sugar of milk are to be added and rubbed six minutes—again to be scraped together four minutes and forcibly rubbed six; once more scraped together for four minutes, when the last third of the hundred grains of the sugar of milk is to be added and rubbed for the morning with the spatula; six minutes of forcible rubbing, four of scraping together, and six more of rubbing, finish this part of the process.

"Every grain of this powder contains the hundredth of a grain of the medicinal substance mingled with the sugar of milk. If, therefore, a grain of the powder just prepared is mingled with another hundred grains of sugar of milk, and the process just described repeated, we shall have a powder of which every grain contains the hundredth of the hundredth, or the ten thousandth part of the grain of the medicinal substance. Repeat the same process with the same quantity of fresh sugar of milk, and every grain of your powder will contain the millionth of a grain of the medicinal substance. When the powder is of this strength, it is proper to employ in the further solutions and dilutions to be made use of in practice."

"A grain of the powder is to be taken, a hundred drops of alcohol to be poured on it, the vial to be sharply turned for a few minutes, until the powder is dissolved, and two shakes to be given to it. In Hahneman's own words—'A long experience and multiplied observations have taught me that a second or within the last few years to vesler giving only two shakes to medicinal liquids, whereas I formerly used to give ten.' Then the process of dilution is carried on. In this way the dilution of the original millionth of a grain of medicine contained in the grain of powder operated on, and which is carried successively to the billionth, trillionth, quadrillionth, and very often much higher fractional divisions."

A Good Song.

HONOR TO THE PLOUGH.

Though clouds o'ercast our native sky,
And seem to dim the sun,
We will not droop down in despair,
Or deem the day is done;
The rural arts we can boldly honor
No less we'll cherish now;
And crown the banquet, as of yore,
With Honor to the Plough.

In these fair fields, whose graceful sod
To Life and hope are given,
We'll seek the path which leads to God,
And learn the rest for Heaven.
We'll gird us with the armor on
Who sows a holy vow,
And if in joy we meet again,
Give Honor to the Plough.

Let Art, array'd in magic power,
With Labor hand in hand,
Go forth, and now in peril's hour
Sustain the sinking land.
Let never Sloth usurp the arm,
Or fear the spirit cow'r,
There would be found the world work's charm—
All Honor to the Plough.

The turf redrose, the meadow dress,
The harvest ripe to reap,
The lowing expecting plain
Deffore the gushing river;
Then fearless urge the forest deep
Up to the mountain's brow,
And where the rich results you reap,
Give Honor to the Plough.

So toil shall banish, by generous grace
And nodding harvests room,
And toil behind the rustic scene
Shall Virtue find a home;
And while their bosom the mourn hold
Beneath the mighty share,
Shall many a grateful verse be filled
With Honor to the Plough.

For the Ladies.

KRETTEL.

A Tale of Woman's Wit and Courage.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through the garments of the few pedestrians who ventured to brave Hennenberg and Reitzend, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

The travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of the humble hostelry, were forgetting hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The landlord was seated at a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, named Krettel, brought up from childhood. Krettel, the sixth was her name, was a host in herself: housekeeper and maid to her master, even in the kitchen, waiter, chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the handy, active and good humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants with the lowest stock, and the travellers, having finished their supper, and taken leave of the host who had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch, her master—farther and more sombre figures who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the tearful and wonderous events of the time, and the landlord had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his auditory by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story; or robbers—more than a day of course in those days—the scene of the legend was little more than a gun-shot from the inn-door: it was a tradition, unfortunately, not an encouraging gabbet, which still appeared to the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy verity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, much furnished for a lonely and sad evening. In this, it was said, the rude crews of a troop of bandits, who held their every night their repute room meeting. All the events were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before mentioned offered to let the company hear the one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent of the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn-door should be left open until her return, and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she really had visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. The moon shone bright, and all was Mrs. Mills.

"Well, sir, any rain," continued Jane, "I would not walk front here to school again, to-day, for any thing in the world!"

"Why you you would, my dear," said her mother, gravely.

"No, mother. I am *sure I would not*. I am certain I would not."

"But I am usually certain you could be induced to go without any urging, answered her mother.

"Mary Jane," said Mrs. Mills, "I should refer to take your tone to the new pantomata this after noon. I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother?" said Jane, with great animation. "May I go? I am perfectly certain I should go!"

I intended to have done so," replied her mother, "but the place where it is exhibited is a very long way beyond your school."

"But I would without now, dear mother," said Jane. "I would not fail of going *for all the world!* Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by inconsistent, mother?"

"Why, dear, when a little girl says one minute that she would not walk a particular distance *for anything in the world*, and in the next minute says she would not fail of walking still further *for all the world*, and in the next minute says she would not fail of walking still further *for all the world*, I think that is rather inconsistent, my child."

"Then, mother, I am very sorry I was so extravagantly, but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions. Yesterday, when you came home, you found me using them, and you almost frightened out of your life, and when I inquired as to the cause of your alarm, you replied that you had had so many as a thousand *even days* on your way home from school."

"Now, my daughter, I wish you to break your self of this bad habit. When you are no longer angry or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may in future say, 'I am extremely tired. Or you may be alarmed, frightened, or terrified.

"From this time, let your lips speak the thing you feel. Say what you mean, and no more. Use your and your nay, nay; and, also, that Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

"I will, dear mother, and I shall be confined to my self in this habit. When you are not home angry or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may in future say, 'I am extremely tired. Or you may be alarmed, frightened, or terrified.

"From this time, let your lips speak the thing you feel. Say what you mean, and no more. Use your and your nay, nay; and, also, that Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

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